

High Times

INCLUDING
COBBER COMIX



**Erotic Art / John Lennon
Lithographs / Dope /
Kid's Stuff**

letters

Dear Sir,

A description of the organisational changes is simple: no catalogues, no openings, no wine, no mailing list; the artist looks after his own show for half the time it is on, the artists as a group select who shows in future, the artists will run their own magazines; the gallery charges 25c admission.

These are the organisational tips of what is a shift in attitudes. The art world was and is incestuous like most artistic groups in Australia. Artists gossip about art and artists, musicians about music, and so on. We seem to lack a cross fertilisation. The key to this is ego. I feel secure and important in my world and I don't want to be challenged by something else. The suburban mentality of a private plot of land with a fence around it. The need for an artist to have his ego satisfied is made worse by the fact that he can do a course in how to become an artist. If one has done a diploma in art the student then sees that as a right that he romantically be considered an artist. The gallery's job was to feed this hallucination. You give the artist a show, you give him a

glorious catalogue, you invite important people to his opening, you produce reviews which announce he is a genius, you then give him a fat check when all his work sells out.

The trouble with this is that it hasn't worked out that way. Art is not very important these days. It is the wrong medium. It is a highly sophisticated, acquired language, the visual language, and it lacks the instant appeal of film or sound. When you strip away the snob audience, the art does that because it is new and who wants to risk a judgement about one's taste, the audience is small. Perhaps ten a day. Hence the artist supervenes his own show now. What is the point of projecting him from reality?

The anti-ego thing is beginning to work. The last group meetings were constituted in silence, but now the communication and co-operation is developing. It's just a small microcosm in a large city, but if a gallery has any point it has to have a point as a social entity to the artists themselves. It's their space, their activity, and if it is to have any strength it's only the strength of the artists themselves. If it has point to them as a group then this point is their message.

non utilitarian space will survive in a consumer world of goodies and the instant impact of film and music.

Bruce Folland
Pine Cothea
10 Waltham Place
Richmond

IT'S ALL IN THE COMING

You leap before the alarm leaps and when you are going it is always when something is coming, when you walk out it's always in the coming, it is in the coming of the milkman and his pale horse which carries a history of broken bones in its legs, and the silent whip on its back, it's in the coming of the fast birds, soft songs so as not to anger the morning, it's in the coming of a woman's movement and her pale robe as white as milk, bending to pick up the wet bottles, carrying a history of broken love in her breasts and the silent bus on her back, when you leave me it's all in the coming of the waiting for the next desertion.

Gail Raymond



High Times



REVOLUTION
REVOLUTION

brings you

High Times

at newsagents August 25th

Since this issue is actually the best of two—July and August—the list of help and staffers is lengthy. Quadrangle production by Philip Fraser, Colin James, Mary McFarland and Pat Woolley, with assistance and advice from Bob Daly, Cynthia Dwyer-Bennet, Richard Giles, Peter Higgins, Gerrie Hutchinson, Tony Irvine, Jules Lewicki, Ian McCausland, Jim Reed and Bob Wain.

Front cover artwork is by Ian McCausland and Ernie Althoff.

Back cover artwork is by Bob Daly.

Drawings in Cobber Comic are by Ernie Althoff, Bob Daly, Ian Sharpe, Peter Gray, McLean and Ken Walker.

small notes

"BIO-DEGRADABLE" DETERGENTS STILL CONTAIN PHOSPHATES.

Melbourne (and)–Laver & Kitchen Pty.Ltd., makers of detergents with such exotic names as Rinsol, Drive and Arson, have been making great noise lately about a change to bio-degradable ingredients for these products.

L & K announced that the company had made the switch in production from "hard" to "soft" detergents six months in advance of the time voluntarily agreed to by major manufacturers.

Phosphates build up in waterways and can upset the balance of nature by stimulating growth of weed and algae.

Dr.Nancy Miller, reader in microbiology at Melbourne University, has called for manufacturers to announce the phosphate levels of their products. She said these varied, but tended to be quite high in detergents with enzyme additives.

In fact, a sure way to avoid pollution with washing is to purchase soap suds and use ordinary washing soap for cloths.

LAW REVIEWS LAW

One hundred and fifty radical New York lawyers of Community Action for Legal Services are compiling dossiers on the city's judges for "rudeness, malice and prejudice" towards the poor. So far complaints have been filed against three judges, with another six on the way. Problems haven't begun yet for the New York Judiciary, though. The appellate Division, to whom the cases go, could easily be ruled unfit to judge, due to the nature of the charges against their colleagues.

CHURCH MISSIONARIES ROB ABORIGINALS

Northern Territory church missionaries are giving prisoners to Aborigines for paintings worth up to \$50 in other parts of Australia.

The charges, in particular against the Roman Catholic church missions, have been made by researchers working with the

Aboriginals in Arnhem Land. But they have asked that their names be kept secret for threat of legal action by local art dealers.

The native paintings and artefacts are sold in southern cities for at least ten times the amount paid to the artists, while many are exported overseas and sold at even higher prices.

The most recent allegations were made with the sale of Aboriginal artist Yirawaka, who exhibited his paintings in university galleries in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney.

NEW PRESS SERVICE

The Australian student press took a further step out of its parish of comfort this month with the establishment of a press service. The service, known as the Alternative News Service, picks up Liberation News Service, Dispatch News Service, Australian Free Press plus anything else that that indefatigable counter culture roundmen, Phil West, can ferret out. The scheme is operated from the offices of National U at North Melbourne, the recipients of the service contributing \$5.00 per edition of their own paper to cover the cost of operation.

AQUARIUS

Despite a \$13,500 loss on the Canberra Arts Festival, Aquarius have managed to keep their original campus circuit program intact to a large degree. The campus tour by Spectrum and Daddy Cool has begun and will continue on to sometime in July.

The APG tour originally scheduled for June to August has been postponed to September and now only includes Hobart, Adelaide and Melbourne (on the request of APG who had too many financial and scheduling problems to keep to the original program).

The Allen Ginsberg tour has been postponed to March '72 as Ginsberg also had scheduling problems that interfered with this year's tour.

Aquarius are also offering Poco Pena to campuses for 3 weeks in July/August.

SPAIN FREAKS

In Spain, press and tv are tightly controlled. Criticism from the outside is ignored, and propaganda is really constant. While the Basque trial was on, Spanish tv concentrated on the chaos in Europe, reported communist atrocities in Vietnam, and placed heavy film emphasis on vice and defection in Britain and America.

Now we've heard that the island of Ibiza, off the Spanish coast, is the latest vacation spot of American hippie tourists. Bearing American dollars, the long haired kids are welcome customers for the island's stores, hotels and bars, but a headache for the police because of the increased use of hashish, LSD, marijuana and over-the-counter drugs. So far, penalties for possession and trafficking have been light, but there could be a crackdown as the summer season peaks.

ASTRO BIRTH

A Czechoslovakian psychiatrist and gynecologist, Dr. Eugen Jonas, has provided scientific proof for the effects of the moon on the cycle of human fertility.

1. The ability of a mature woman to conceive reaches its maximum under exactly that phase of the moon which prevailed on the day she was born.
2. The sex of the child thus conceived depends on whether the moon was in a positive or negative field of the ecliptic (a sign of the Zodiac) at the time of conception, and.
3. The viability (life and health expectation) of the embryo is influenced to a great extent by the positions of certain other planets at this time.

NEW ZEALAND DOPE

The New Zealand Health Committee's first report on Drug abuse came up with the statement that cannabis "makes a person a shiftless and degraded member of the community."



John Lennon Erotic Art





THE EROTICA EXPLOSION

At Club Orgy, Rita and Victor perform sexual intercourse twice daily to a grim but attentive audience.

Rita is cute and dark and small. Victor is a wide-eyed mustachioed ex-handresser. Rita and Victor have been married about a year and a half, and they don't swing. "We don't touch anyone else," Rita assured me. "Never. We're not like that."

Some of the less wholesome members of the club staff, however, are like that. "The place is pure filth," explained Mel the manager. "It's no place to take my wife." I like Mel. I like him because he looks the way members of his calling are supposed to look, unshaven, balding, beer-belly, Jewish and with a Fields nose, a foul mouth and a name that isn't Mel. I am sure he is a party to degeneracies in sex that I am even embarrassed to think about. I am awed by his foul mouth.

I watch him as he methodically pastes anonymous sex organs through the pages of his papers — Mel publishes about two-thirds of the market. Orgy, Pussycat, Tiger, Suck, and Ball. I watch him reading copy like a computer, copy that might drive any less world-weary flesh to a pornographic frenzy.

In addition to the live fuck show, Club Orgy offers some satellite sex. Adjoining the theatre is a medium sized "spread" bookstore, filled with raunch. There is a string of rooms for "modeling." And there is talk of a new building, a sex restaurant. Recently in fact, Club O. went legit, and its various couplings were craftily incorporated into a "play" that some poor fool thinks will dupe the authorities.

But Rita and Victor are still the stars. The stage of the theatre is a large bed. The lights come up on Rita, neglected, reading some porn, and cooing for her husband. Victor returns home from work and the two begin 20 minutes of inventive and gymnastic sex. I am impressed that there is an occasional squeal of delight from from Rita — "Oooh! My favorite position" — and an occasional salute from Victor to the audience. The show ends abruptly when all the theatre lights start flashing, and Rita and Victor uncouple like an electric train.

In my journalist guise, I visited another fuck show. In the corridor, in front of a long

plate glass window of polished Wurlitzer or elevator I am joined by a grey-flannelled but it says, "This way to Mine Cine." In the elevator I am joined by a grey-flannelled gentleman, whistling as if there is no tomorrow. He looks at his shoes. I look at my shoes. He straightens his tie. I refold my newspaper (basic gear). At the box office, I pretend to look casual. I pretend I am neither desperate nor odd. I hand over \$5 with obvious nonchalance.

The show at Mine Cine is a bit of a joke. The advertisements outside promise the opportunity of watching an actual pornographic film being made. I am grateful for that ad. It means I am not a dirty voyeur, I am only watching the production of a film for voyeurs.

However, the director appears from behind a curtain, carrying a camera that resembles a 1910 Brownie pinhole.

I am uneasy at the large-holed fishnet that separates the audience from the stage. Have there been incidents in the past? Is the net there to protect the performers from the pathos like myself, who might hurl themselves abruptly onstage at the slightest twitch of flesh? Will I be able to control myself?

That anxiety is quickly quashed by the appearance of the performers, a willing but somewhat over-obvious woman and a grasser with eyeballs behind his head. In a friendly but commanding manner, the cameraman directs the couple into a variety of sexual poses and manipulations, all about as exciting as a pair of



coital chipmunks. I save myself some small measure of dignity by slinking out before the final permutation.

On the upper west side, the Marquis de Suede is providing more exotic equipment for the homosexual market. The Marquis answers his door, dressed only in an exquisite pair of leather pants that look like they were sewn by the royal tailor on a leave of absence. In his bedroom, the Marquis is busily fitting a young man with a pair of black studded chaps

Al, referring to Screw's unique movie review ratings system, "my review isn't porn; the movie is."

The pornography situation today is even more tangled than it ever was. Porn in fact is getting it from both sides. Bad enough that Al Goldstein and his reading public are having their civil liberties wasted by tight-assed reactionaries, now Goldstein is enduring the leftist assault by women's lib. Most porn merchants however will agree that much of pornography



that would have set Marshall Dillon's spurs to jingling. In addition to the familiar line of leather, rubber, and studs, the Marquis provides whips, gags, codpieces, shackles and cock-rings, and specializes in dirty toys, erotic appliances and rubber fists. "Three years ago you couldn't breathe that you had a dildo," says the Marquis. "Now I don't know anyone who hasn't."

The real porno, however, is still print, even though an exploding market and fierce competition have depressed some of the city's leading porn merchants.

Even Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw* and the loveable slumlord of newspaper porn, goes purple when the talk turns to *Screw's* competitors. "Fiction, fantasy, vulgar jerk-off junk," he explains.

Goldstein, fat and Jewish, sits atop a yellow and ted throne, itself crowned by a tender pink phallus. A shotgun is tucked behind some drapes, presumably to ward off frenzied sex fiends who might have glimpsed Goldstein's nude body in last month's *Screw*. Al espouses an elaborate logic for *Screw*. *Screw* is about porn. "When I peter-meter a sex film," says

is sexist because it was created by men, for men. Its "male" appeal is crude fantasy and hopeless exaggeration.

"The female approach to erotica is much more authentic, less fantastic, less vulgar and less wishful thinking. The best new writers are women. The men are more up tight and unliberated. All men writers want to use pen names, but only a few women do," says Grodias of Grove Press, who print most of New York's paperback porn.

In the meantime, snut is either on the way out along with censorship, or about to stage a comeback, if there is a Victorian reaction to all the libidinous carryings on

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DOPE FILE

Talked about who you know that's smoked dope lately? Well then the chances are that both of you may be listed in a customs department computer data bank, even if you don't smoke the stuff. Such a listing assures you of an intensive search at any point of entry, and could even keep you from getting a job.

Don't worry though, you have lots of company. Melbourne files alone have a quarter of a million names, and other states almost the same number. Information comes primarily from informers and court records.

Though it is rumoured that in a zealous effort to fill their computer tapes, the customs department are listing all detected narcotics enter the country, and are then following the trail, smearing names and addresses along the way.

Each suspect listing contains physical description, license numbers, aliases and a descriptive description of the suspect's car (if any). In addition, each file has provision for listing up to four "associates", which is how you can get into the file even if you don't smoke. Harassment and search on entering and leaving the country is not as serious as the fact that you might not get a job from being in the listing

In general, computer systems keep a log of who uses the data bank, and what they use. Thus if a file is misused, it is possible to get a list of everyone who used the file, and possibly isolate and prosecute the guilty person. The customs computer, however, has no such record of enquiries, so the police can use it with impunity.

Thus, anyone who can pay can see your file.

But if you want to see your own file, you too will have to pay, because the customs department will not show it to you. Indeed, they won't even tell you if your name is in it.

The files are referred to by all public service departments, and you need not be a user, being a suspect is enough. How will employers, apart from the public service, get this information? Probably illegally.

Policemen who want to sell data should have no trouble getting it. The customs department will check individual referrals and queries, on a need to know basis, for other law agencies. Local policemen then do have access to the information and then do poorly keeping this sort of listing secret. Either intentionally or through sloppiness, the customs computer system is designed to protect those who hope to sell information.



if you are on it. And if somehow you found out you were on the computer listing it wouldn't do you any good, because you have no right to explain or rebut inaccurate material.

A prospective employer with information that you are a drug "suspect" would be unlikely (in the case of the public service, they won't) confront you with it, as he got it illegally. Instead the job would suddenly become unavailable, again giving you no opportunity to contest the report.

The Australian customs department computer bank is only a part of a vast proliferating, inter-connected network of law enforcement computer systems. At the centre is the F.B.I. computer at the National Crime Information centre in Washington, D.C., America. The F.B.I. computer is directly linked with 34 other computers in the States, and indirectly linked with those in other countries, such as Australia.

If you really are smuggling drugs and find out that you are a suspect, then you surely would take evasive action to make your capture more difficult; thus, allowing people to see their files would make those files less useful to the police. So the system cannot be reviewed

without compromising its effectiveness.

Nor is it possible to restrict access. This data will be useful in combating crime only if it is readily available to policemen, narcotics agents and customs inspectors throughout the country. But it is possible to give a large number of people access to the data without compromising its confidentiality.

If law enforcement officials are to get the legal access they need, then prospective employers will get the illegal access they want — no computer system, no matter how sophisticated, can change that. Safeguards such as keeping records of data users can make it harder to misuse the data, but no safeguards can prevent data theft.

The choices are clear — if we are to use computer data banks to cut down drug traffic, then we must sacrifice part of our freedom of association and right to privacy. People whose employers might object to their associating with drug suspects will simply have to refrain from such associations.



CRASH HOT CROSSWORDS

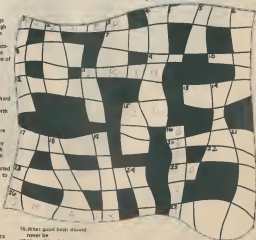
THE BRIDGE'S DELIGHT

by Franklin Fiedler

TAKE NOTE: Each crossword has specialized content, and is aimed at a topic of interest and concern for the REVOLUTION readers. This crossword is best performed when stoned.

1000

- 1 Dealer in hard drugs
- 2 Ancient form of high
- 3 What good druggies usually never be
4. Usually used as entrance for hard drugs
5. Can be used in place of gear
6. Ancient Chinese drink
7. Smokeable part of banana
8. What tolerance to hard drugs increases
9. Synthetic smoke with a bang
- 10 Beyond the limit
- 11 Wine and cocaine are two for grass
- 12 Drug Squad's enemy
- 13 Make balloons high
- 14 Sometimes found in bad acid
- 15 Part of psyche affected by drugs, according to Freud
16. Slings for heroin
- 17 Taken from a joint while smoking



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. To call gear | 16. What good teeth should never be |
| 2. Heavy user's negative | 17. User of hard drugs |
| 3. Ingredient used with most stones | 18. Best answer to bad stone scene |
| 4. Blocked or unblocked | 19. Page left is opposed to transfiguration |
| 5. What most heads hope the direction of their trip will be | 20. To loosen back before sitting |
| 6. Mental stunner when stoned (slang) | 21. Tripper's description of a bad trip |
| 7. Three day trip | 22. Come to grass, usually with bad intent |
| 8. Sometimes used as noun to her | |

Since no real recognition has ever been bestowed to the "washed head on the block" (that we know of), an appropriate super duper prize is being offered to anyone stony enough to score 100%. Send completed crossword and a stamped self-addressed envelope. Even if you don't qualify for THE prize, we'll send you a nice thing anyway. Send to: DS, 217 Canning St, Carlton, Victoria 3063.



GAY IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

"I first saw homosexuality when I was on a houseboat in the Ganges. We were just living together and I just woke up one night and saw these two boys playing with each other. It was something I had never seen before. I was twenty-one. It stunned me because I knew what these people must have been doing but they seemed such real people. They had helped me out the day before in getting me from the station to the place where I was staying. They seemed real people, human and friendly and not the stereotype that I had been used to.

"After a while I began to mingle with homosexuals and got attracted to one in particular. I 'came out', as the saying goes and actually got into bed with that person. I was terribly worried . . . I thought about it and gradually got to like the people I was mixing with.

"I know I'm accepted as a person by everyone who doesn't know I'm a homosexual. I don't think it should make any difference at all . . . It's quite difficult to make the decision to tell people, because they all have these funny preconceived ideas. Most people, when you tell them, first of all don't believe you because you don't fit into that stereotype."

This person is a member of Five, "an organisation of people interested in the acceptance of homosexuality within the community." The organisation was previously called Camp Inc in line with its Sydney and Brisbane branches, but it was felt that there was little point in meeting Victorian conservatism head on. Their philosophy is quite simple. "If two men meet each other and feel an affection toward each other and want to express this physically, why shouldn't they?"

At the moment, there are

many reasons why homosexuals feel they shouldn't. The law of course is one reason why physical expressions of homosexuality are not obvious. It seems to make little difference to the actual frequency of homosexual acts. The most common charge that is used to arrest homosexuals is 'loitering with intent'. The police apparently are not interested in what goes on in private homes as much as they are in what happens in the street. Persecution by law is not so much a daily harassment, as a threat of what

could happen anytime. The only direct harassment from the law that Five receives is from the Department of Customs and Excise, who manage to confiscate much of their imported literature on the grounds of obscenity.

The law works against homosexuals more by not recognising the amount of homosexuality present in society, (there are 100,000 homosexuals in Melbourne, alone), than by actively punishing it. In Holland, where the laws have been liberalised in the past few years, people living together for five years are regarded as married and one can get a widow's or widower's pension or government housing on the same basis as married heterosexuals. The age of consent for homosexual acts is sixteen years, the same as heterosexuals (unlike Britain where homosexuals have to be twenty-one before expressing their feelings physically.) Compare this attitude with that of Australia, where physical homosexuality is prohibited altogether.

The major factor weighing against homosexuals is the general ignorance of the public about homosexuality, and this ignorance and the many false beliefs are propagated

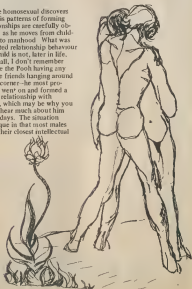
and reinforced by the straight press. Take a look at the religious columns, the psychologists' columns, the Dorothy Dix columns in the daily papers and the women's weeklies and see just how many of them present attitudes of quiet 'understanding' of some readers' 'shame'. You can read all you want about 'successful cures' or about the 'success' former homosexuals have made of marriage, with children as positive 'proof' of their previous latent heterosexuality. Too many people are ready to discuss the problem of homosexuality without admitting that it is a problem to society, rather than to homosexuals. The problem facing the homosexual is not his or her homosexuality, but society's attitude towards it. However, this is far from clear to many homosexuals who swallow the moralistic bullshit they hear and engage in a hopeless struggle to alter their sexuality. Even those that do see what the problem is, are forced to build their own communities and organisations in order to retain their dignity and humanity. These sub-cultures tend not to be very stable or satisfying, because the people have come together only on the common ground of their sexual behaviour, which is only one part of their total personality. This is not to deny that Gay Lib and Camp Inc organisations offer little to the homosexual. They still offer far more than a double life in society does at present. But the point is that the problem of homosexuality cannot be solved by legalizing homosexual 'ghettos', but by the wholesale acceptance of homosexuals into society.

At the present time, homosexuality is tolerated by society only within certain patterns of behaviour. If one male seeks the company of another for reasons of intellectual stimulation or good rapport, he can only safely be in this person's company in certain ways. He can drink with him at the pub, go to the football or races with him, or work on a car with him. If the relationship is homoSEXUAL rather than homosexual, then he plays sport with him—games that allow the two to touch each other.

The homosexual discovers that his patterns of forming relationships are carefully observed as he moves from childhood to manhood. What was accepted relationship behaviour as a child is not, later in life. After all, I don't remember Winnie the Pooh having any female friends hanging around Pooh corner—he most probably went on and formed a queer relationship with Piglet, which may be why you don't hear much about him these days. The situation is unique in that most males have their closest intellectual

relationships with other males, yet are prohibited by conditioning from expressing their minds with their bodies. The ancient Greek practice of having romantic relationships between males and having the women to bear the children has not been discarded at all, merely a limit has been placed on the intensity of the males' relationships.

The important question is, why does homosexuality, which is a small part of the total human make-up and only one of the possible outcomes of human sexual development.



frighten and antagonize so many people? An antagonism which only serves to make a homosexual's sexuality an exaggerated part of his make-up. A Harris poll conducted in the U.S. in 1969 indicated that 63% of the people considered homosexuals harmful to American life. What feeds this majority opinion is the homosexual's unwillingness to come out into the open and allow more people to see what true homosexuals are like. But because most of them can 'pass for white' they prefer to keep their sexuality secret. Other minority groups have begun their fight against oppression sooner because it is more difficult to hide the minority trait that is the cause of their oppression. So society only sees the homosexuals that come out in the open or are forced out. We easily spot the mincing drag queen and the bull dyke, and we read about the arrested pedevast. Obviously some homosexuals fit these patterns either naturally or they believe that this is the way homosexuals act. It is interesting that both these extremes in the homosexual world imitate the worst characteristics associated with each sex. Homosexuals are as easily duped into believing the strict and false roles of each sex as heterosexuals are. These homosexuals then act out the characteristics of the opposite sex which they see approved by society. The male extreme spends a lot of time on grooming, plays 'helpless' and giggles a lot. The female extreme acts overly aggressive, insensitive and domineering. What is wrong here is not that homosexuals are imitating the characteristics of the wrong sex, but that they are imitating characteristics that are wrong and false in themselves, no matter who has them.



However, it is not true that most homosexuals are like this, just as it is not true that as soon as two male homosexuals get together, they screw each other. For the majority, being a homosexual means that they fall in love with one of their own sex and they play the same ego and sex games that heterosexuals do when trying to find a suitable mate. The incidence of casual screws is probably higher than for heterosexuals—a not so surprising thing when one considers the extra defence mechanisms the homosexual must have to keep his emotions fairly stable.

The most subtle problem (is there no end to them?) is the one of language. While most people are aware that 'homosexuality' refers to both male and female relationships, few realize that it is still only a description of any sort of feeling towards a member of your sex. An intellectual relationship with someone of the same sex is a homosexual one. What appears to be true is that older people have a much more strict idea of what is homosexual and what is not, and for them homosexuality seems to begin somewhere between intellectual rapport and affection. What is needed is a wholesale awareness that all of us are homosexual to varying degrees, just as all of us approach the stereotype male or female sex roles in varying degrees. Then, perhaps people can overcome the paranoia that allows them to speak to members of the same sex, but not to touch them. A paranoia that makes them search for a 'cure' when they begin to want to touch someone they care for—and a paranoia that makes them forget that they have to be sick to be cured.

Julius Lewicki

KIDS SPEAK

The following is taken from a questionnaire given to a third form class in a Melbourne High School. The questionnaire was headed "Your own opinion", and had on it 17 questions covering ambition, money, careers, schools, hobbies and the four chosen.

The answers given to the following questions are fairly indicative of most.

And the grammar is just as it appears on the questionnaire

Q What do you think of the anti-war movement?

I think that the people who protest about being made to go to war should be made to understand that if they don't let anyone go to war it would be overpopulated and a bigger war would probably start up.

I think it is a good thing because why should we have to go to war we didn't start the war so why should we have to fight



Good because its nice to know that a least someone cares and are doing something against it.

I think that the antiwar scene is good idea because it show what the people of the young generation feel about the war and the young people who are called up to fight in a war that they don't believe in

I think that the soldiers should stay in Vietnam because if anothe world war starts out they would help us but I do see that war is not needed.

I wish there was not war and peace all over the world.



Q What do you think of the Pop Scene?

Hippies like to see the pop scenes because it help them to relax and they like to sing their songs.

It is all right but there are to much crime and drug taking with the younger set. The groups and singers are fantastic and I like listening to them. All in all I think the Pop scene is alright

I do not like the pop scene because all they do is sing pop music. And they have long hair which most people dont like. Because I have seen it.

I like the pop scene because there is a lot of action in it and there is also a lot of good songs and very good singers in it

It is a place were drugs are sold to young people and it starts some young people who have never taken drugs before to start taken them more frequently.

Its all right beside the young fools who take drugs and go about it foolishly.

I think that the pop scene is good because it understands the young people and old and many

What do you think of Politics?

I think politics is alright because there makings things for you to live in a much more better world.

I do not know enough about it to comment.

Allright I suppose because there doing something to make a better world to live in

I thing that politics is a good idea if they kept their promises when their elected.

I think it is a lot of stupefied rubbish.

Q What do you think of people who have different opinions than you?

I think that this is alright about diffent opinions because people have the right to think different.

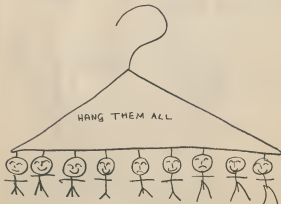
That they have there opinions and I have mine.

Good luck to them.

I thing they are in tied to the own opinions about thing than I have

I do not mind, if every one had the same opinion the world would be to dull.

They keep their opinions to their selfs.



WHY? : WASTE!

WORTHLESS!

SPACE!

ARTIFICIAL!

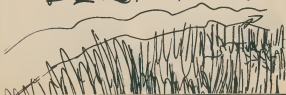
WOG!

TICK TOCK!

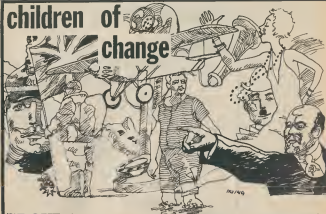
WHY?

Kids Concrete Words

WINT WORSHIP BLACK Wogs
IF BIG UGLY ARTIFICIAL
WOGS IF WASTES
DEFORM WOGS



children of change



GROUP 1

Of concern to them, thus the subjects for imprinting Group I children (born 1914 — ages 1 to 7 through 1921): The Mexican Revolution with Pancho Villa, Gen. Pershing in pursuit; Amundsen reached North Pole, Scott reached South Pole. First transcontinental airplane flight. S.S. Titanic sank. Chinese revolution under Sun Yat-sen overthrew Manchukuo dynasty. Income tax authorized. Panama canal opened. World War I. The LNW. W. Prohibition law passed. The Russian Revolution began. An influenza epidemic killed 20 million people, including 548,000 Americans. In the years while their children were growing up they talked much about the war, America's role in it,

and their own parts. They did this while playing "500" and Mah Jong while the kids (Group II) "slept" on the daybeds and drank it all in.

Born, circa 1926. Now in their 70's. They serve, if they are not retired, as chairman of the board of the world's largest corporations; as members of the Board of Regents of the largest universities; as heads of the most influential committees in Congress and the Senate; as publishers and owners of the mass media. These are the initial elders, sitting in our society's long house. They may not be influential much longer, but while they are, they create the stage setting in which The Movement does its thing.

WHAT KIND OF A WORLD WAS IT? (1896)

U.S. population: 69,970,000. Gross national product: \$13.6 billion. Price index: 46 (1829-100). No. of motor vehicles: Nil. No. of telephones: 404,000—5.7 per 1,000 population. No. of radio sets: Nil. No. of television sets: Nil. Productivity per man hour—49.5 (1829-100). Power input—65,045,000 horsepower.

WHAT THEY BELIEVED: There was never any question as to who held authority: the parents did. Old folks knew what was going on. What was going on that was of concern to the parents was the Spanish-American war, the South African (Boer)

war, the Filipino war, the Boxer rebellion in China, the Cuban Revolution, and the assassination of President William McKinley. Stimulating times, not unlike our own.

BY THE TIME THEY WERE 18:

The stars in their galaxy were Sara Bernhardt, Florence Ziegfeld and Rudolph Valentino. The big pictures were Ben Hur (1907, in 16 scenes), Quo Vadis (1913) and Birth of a Nation (1914). The first time they heard sound was a motion picture was in Don Juan (1926). The cartoons they read in their newspapers were Little Nemo, Old Doc Yak, and Col. Heeza Liar. Popular cartoons with more polished techniques were The Katzenjammer Kids, Krazy Kat and Mutt and Jeff.

children of change



GROUP III INPUTS:

Radio and Saturday afternoon matinees constituted most of the educational input for this group. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and the Cisco Kid were film heroes. The cowboy image, as created by Hollywood script writers, was very strong. It was reflected in the choice of Gary Cooper in "High Noon" (1953). Television did not significantly influence this group (the first continental broadcast was in 1951). The Korean War and the prospects of military service did. The Bomb, and then the Bigger Bomb, the ICBM's, the Cold War, the McCarthy hearings were all realities for teen-age minds. Comic books formed the basis of the fantasies of many youngsters, the "good-guy," "bad guy," mythology of the parents was reinforced. There was little public questioning of the values of the American society,

either in the schools or out of them. The mass movement of the more affluent out of the cities and into the suburbs created little enclaves of people of the same race, same age group, same economic and educational background. Isolation and alienation had begun, and it mostly affected Group III.

The heroes were Wyle Post, Will Rogers, Amelia Earhart, Lou Gehrig, Schoolboy Rose. Everything fiercely patriotic; Fourth of July type parades, chromed helmets flashing in the sun, pinwheels in the park, flags waving. Another world, another time. Gone now.

WHAT KIND OF A WORLD WAS IT? (1935)

U.S. POPULATION 113,402,000. GROSS NATIONAL PRO-

DUCT \$125.8 billion. PRICE INDEX, 91 (1929=100). NO. OF MOTOR VEHICLES: 34,849,134. NO. OF TELEPHONES: 23,521,000 (175 per 1,000 population). NO. OF FAMILIES OWNING RADIO SETS: 29,300,000. NO. OF FAMILIES OWNING TELEVISION SETS: Nil. PRODUCTIVITY PER MAN-HOUR: 134.6 (1929=100). POWER INPUT, 2,759,014,000 horsepower.

GROUP 3 IMPRINTS

Their parents were still (in 1935) caught up in the Depression. Largely pre-occupied with jobs, money, acquisition of material objects. Things were getting a little better, largely due to war contracts around the world. Conflicts in Morocco, Ethiopia, Spain, China and in Western Europe created a demand for American goods, particularly iron and oil. The parents (Group II) had by

now largely romanticized America's role in World War I. Even so, a strong isolationist feeling persisted; not to get "involved" again. But involvement increased. The parents talked about the loss of Amelia Earhart; sinking of the U.S. gunboat *Panmy* by the Japanese; nationalization of the Mexican oil industry; the world's first surviving quintuplets; the killing of John Dillinger; the New York World's Fair. Parental emphasis was still on thrift and saving. During Group III's early lives, tin foil and aluminum foil, grease and paper were saved. Although the "army" did not have any aircraft capable of flying either the Pacific or the Atlantic, children were instructed in air-raid procedures and coastal cities were blacked out.

GROUP 4 INPUTS:

This was the first TV generation. TV began transcontinental broadcasting in September, 1951. By the time Group IV was of kindergarten age, there already were 33,288,000 sets in use. The TV set took over the role of babysitter, mother, father and teacher. The mythologies that had earlier been transmitted to parents to children on radio, and through comic books and school texts, now were reinforced on the TV screen. There was one important difference — in its direct broadcasts of news coverage and in some of its documentaries — the experience was not edited.

With minor exceptions this became the first mass medium that "told it like it is." Not always of course, but often enough to impress young minds. It was one world. It was also highly fantasized through re-runs of old movies, through commercials. But some of it was "real" and it was raw. What was taught in school appeared to some as irrelevant that they wondered why one attended class at all. Some didn't. Some of the latter set out to change a system TV had made irrelevant.

WHAT KIND OF A WORLD WAS IT? (1953)

U.S. POPULATION: 159,636,000. GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT: \$265.4 billion. PRICE INDEX: 170 (1929=100). NO. OF MOTOR VEHICLES: 56,321,989. NO. OF TELEPHONES: 50,333,000 (3127 per 1,000 pop.). NO. OF FAMILIES OWNING RADIO SETS: 44,803,000. NO. OF

children of change



FAMILY INCOME TO \$10,000. NO. OF TV SETS: 30,400,000. NO. OF TV SETS PER MAN-HOUSE: 100.9 (1929=100). POWER INPUT: 5,728,888,000 horsepower.

GROUP 4 IMPRINTS:

Parents and schoolboys had survived two World Wars and The Depression. They were coping a new affluence brought about

and a demand through institutions to Group II legends in the form of a military industrial complex of political and economic forces for which they did not vote and in which they have no voice. The educational system appears to be largely intended to furnish more leaders for The Establishment. World War I, The Depression, World War II, the Korean War are dim historical memories. Nearly everything they are taught in school appears irrelevant to the world in which they find themselves. When they try to change "The System," they find themselves confronted by The Establishment. Some of them keep trying. Some of them drop out. Some of them don't care. The use of television, this probably is the best educated mass aware generation in the history of any civilization. It knows it well about The System. The question it asks is whether it wants to.

OTHER GROUP 4 INPUTS:

The transistorized, man-carried radio took information out of the living room and into the relative privacy of city streets and the interiors of automobiles. Starting in the mid 1950s there was a wave of new inputs. It passed through the universities of the Group II parents. For most of Group IV it was just another form of entertainment — not unlike Lombard's Lawrence Welk for their parents. To some the new sound and the new sight were signals for a revolution. It was a revolution based on electronic technology. It led on information, songs of protest, socialized words and images. And not the type likely to be found in the classroom. The revolution began here.

There certainly never has been in the Age of the Bomb television the war in Vietnam, or the satellite nuclear threat, or the transport of nuclear intelligence computers, or the technology which does battle with it.

COBBER COMIX



The local on-stand is all down at the scene
 There it's all happening, catching the most dramatic
 act of a **JEM HINDREX.**

The Gracie

Good the
 happy

I wish the day
 the bundles that
 a lot of his

© 2000, Publisher, A

Day friends
 smiling
 fantastic
 actors!

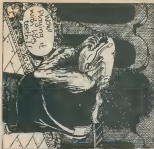


OPRRRR

SHOMF!
 Dem wuz
 de mighty
 fangst 'n' fangst
 strange the
 5000 showed



STURP
CHOMP



WAD!
 Whowing it
 with the
 teeth!

"Shirley of Katoombs".....



(X) NOT SUITABLE FOR SMALL BOYS OR BABBIES
CALLED PERKIN. *Henry Ogden*

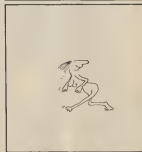


A sex-psycho-drama of a
teenager's search for the
meaning of the 7 cosmic truths....

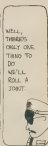
Our story so far: Shirley has been pack-
raped by the local grocer, "the Defender". He
returns home (after being intefored with by
NORM PILLS the local paid-ingator) to find
her father about to blow his brains out after
putting her mother through the mincer...
NOW READ ON!!



Bill Dyer



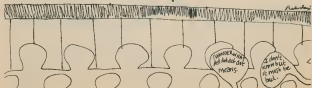
THE CONTINUING STORY OF G

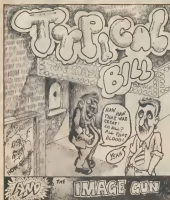




4 CUSTOMS AND OBSCENITY SEMINAR

Now all a
CUSTOMS OFFICER
HAS TO REMEMBER
IS THAT dot and dot dot
IS A FOUR LETTER WORD
dot dot dot dot-ing is it?
adjective dot dot dot dot
-ed part part dot
dot dot dot is
also a -er





In 1934



the monkeys went to war

?



but they had no guns

SO ...

They used their bums!!

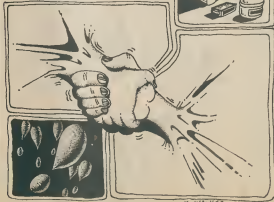


In **1954**

Bob Kelly



THE DEATH BUCKETS



THE BEAR FACTS

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A KOALA ON THE GROUND? NOTICE HOW STUPIDLY HELPLESS HE IS; HOW HE SHUFFLES AND STUMBLERS.



COALA COALA - BEAR BEAR
BROCK BROCK

EVEN IN THEIR EUCALYPTUS HABITAT, THEY ARE VERY INACTIVE AND DROWNY, STARING SLEEPILY DOWN AT YOU THROUGH THEIR TINY EYES AS THEY MUNCH THEIR LEAVES.



AT LAST THE FACTS CAN BE REVEALED. OUR TEAM OF SCIENTISTS HAS FOUND THAT A CHEMICAL EXISTS IN GUM LEAVES THAT AFFECTS KOALAS THE SAME WAY THAT THE KILLER WEED MARIJUANA AFFECTS HUMAN BEINGS.



THERE THEY SIT ALL DAY, PERMANENTLY EATING, PERMANENTLY STONED; HIGH IN THE TREES, HIGH IN THEIR MINDS, NEVER COMING DOWN AND PASSING THE HABIT FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.



IMAGINE IF WE LIVED THE WAY THEY DO!



IT'S A GOOD THING THAT AUSTRALIA HAS A FINE HEALTHY UPSTANDINGLY NOBLE ANIMAL LIKE THE KANGAROO FOR ITS NATIONAL CREATURE, INSTEAD OF THIS GROTTOY LITTLE DOPE HEND.



This article is dedicated to the proposition that eating "Health Foods" doesn't have to be a long series of meals suffered through because it is "good for you". Some people may disagree with me, saying that tomatoes are too acidic, or that middle eastern flatbread probably has preservatives and is made from white flour, but I figure that there is no point in living longer due to health foods if each meal is an agony to eat. I have tried to find a happy medium that makes me feel good and tastes good too.

This is a variation on a classic Mexican dish, called Tostadas (pronounced tow-stah-das), or often called Burritos. It is usually made with meat, but I find it just as good without. And you feel so good when you are through eating, not weighted down, like I tend to feel after a heavy meat meal. I must explain that when I cook I don't use measuring utensils, so I must guess about the amounts in the following recipes. You will find that after trying this dish a few times that you will probably find variations of your own which enhance the flavor more to your own personal tastes.

Tostadas are usually served on tortillas, which are like round pieces of "bread" made of corn meal, flour, water, and lime juice, but I have been unsuccessful in finding them in Australia. I tried making my own tortillas once, but it was a total failure. They should be soft, so that they roll up, like middle eastern flatbread, but mine turned out hard and broke instead of rolling. If anyone "out there" knows how to make tortillas I would really dig it if you could send me the recipe c/o Revolution, 17 Drummond Street, Carlton. 3053.

Gacamole

2 ripe avocados
1 small brown onion (minced)
Juice of 1 or 2 lemons (depending on how tangy you like your guacamole)
salt to taste
pickapeppa sauce (or tobacco or chili powder) to taste

smash the avocados with a fork. Then add the minced onion and lemon juice and salt and hot sauce.

FOOD



CYNTHIA

Refritos

1 cup brown beans (often called barketti)
2 cups water
2 medium brown onions (chopped)
4 or 5 cloves of garlic (minced)
1 pinch basil
1 pinch oregano
1 pinch rosemary
2 pinches thyme
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon cumin

Put all of these ingredients in a saucepan. Make sure the pan is large enough to accommodate the expansion of the beans. Let the mixture simmer until the beans are soft and smash easily with a fork. This should take 3 to 5 hours, depending on the beans you use. It may take more water, just keep adding water, about ¼ cup at a time, to keep the beans covered. When the beans are soft, add: chili powder or Tobacco Sauce or Pickapeppa Sauce (my favourite) until it is as hot as you can stand.

Soy sauce to taste (you can use salt, but soy sauce gives the beans a slightly "meaty" flavour, which I find enjoyable. Also soy sauce has additional protein.

Serve hot

Tostadas

Buy some middle eastern flatbread and carefully peel the bread into two layers. Take one layer and spread the refritos thinly in a strip across the center. Then spread the guacamole in the same way. Then add chunks of tomatoes, grated mild cheese, chopped spring onions, and chopped lettuce. Be sure not to put too much refritos or guacamole in when you start, as it will soon become too full to roll up. Then roll it up like shishkebabs and eat it (obviously). This is a rather meaty thing to eat, so be sure to have plenty of serviettes around, or even a warm washcloth.

The Emperor's New Clothes

by Pat Maxwell

Men write the script, design the costumes, and direct the play. A female role is just as clearly a *male* creation as is a male role. Unmask Marilyn Monroe and you will find Arthur Miller in drag. It's as cliché as two sides of a coin. Charles Atlas was created out of the aggressive feelings, and the bathing beauty was created out of the receptive feelings of the same male chauvinist.

Most men project their desires to be receptive on women. Due to the oppressive nature of the female role in this society, a straight man can freely pretend to be Charley Haddon when he feels assertive, but when he feels receptive, he must project his own desires to have big boobs and a friendly cunt on his female companion. I believe that men live out these desires by using women as their "dolls." Aphrodite sprang out of Zeus' head, Eve was born from Adam's rib, the frog magically became a beautiful princess — man's transsexual fantasies are endless. Only the transsexual man takes the responsibility for his own fantasy and becomes a "woman."

Under stress, some males' desire to be receptive becomes too great to be denied or projected, and they flip. Heads I win, tails you lose, the king becomes a queen. Only a man can be a woman! The queen comes from man's affirmation of his "woman" role, and not, as popularly stated, from his scorn for a real woman. When a man becomes a woman he feels the total weight of oppression that the male chauvinist dumps on us as women. If you don't believe me, ask a queen out to lunch.

At this time, roles are not clearly understood and we need to fully explore the way that we use roles, and the ways that roles use us. Much is said about oppressive roles. But

is a role freely chosen the same as a role which is imposed upon us from above? The game of role playing seems to be popular among children. Ask Peanuts. We express our inner personality through our outer appearance. Look in the mirror. Ain't that so Mr. Revolutionary? Does a hip Venceremos Brigadier look like Che or does he not? The female role is a man's expression or affirmation of another side of his nature. Let the sunshine through.

Men are more reluctant to discuss roles than women. Perhaps the fact that little girls were not able to dress in the costumes of the opposite sex and little boys were not indicates the extent of the pressures which have caused this male uptightness. I believe all children have a desire to try out every conceivable role around. Anyway I did. Since I wished to try out both sex roles, I'm assuming that so did my brother. My sister sometimes was a sailor, sometimes I was a cowboy, but never did I see my brother in a dress! What's it all about Alfie?

How many males could tell you, but won't — or would tell you but can't — that one and only time they put on mother's high heels? Ask Alfie's father. The straight father's scorn and ridicule for women is clearly expressed when a boy tries to be a girl. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, hippie and yippie, why did you dress in all those costumes, Indian drag, police drag, Uncle Sam drag, and never once cross the sex role boundary? You came so close to the point, and then you petered out. Just couldn't keep it up, hippie brother.

When a man in our society grows his hair long, puts on a dress, and walks among us, she is in effect giving up his male privilege. She is not oppressing women, she is threatening men! The queen is the lavender menace to the male chauvinist. When every man is able to cross the sex role boundary, then and only then will women cease to be sex objects. The Gay Liberation movement should affirm and not deny the transsexual in us all. Queens are in the vanguard of the sexual revolution. Come out now and avoid the rush!

Editor's Note: The articles by Pat Maxwell and Christine Diachishin are both reprints from COME OUT* magazine, published in Sept-Oct 1970 by the Gay Liberation Front of New York City.

Sexual Liberation

by Christine Diechishin

Although I have been in Women's Liberation for over a year now, my first reaction to Gay Liberation was not very liberated at all. I'm embarrassed to admit that my first response to learning that a good friend of mine had come out was a very "proper", culturally conditioned one. "Oh well, I know she's slept with men, so she's really only bisexual. . . maybe this is just a passing phase. . ."

My first panicky thoughts were cut off abruptly once and for all by the second response. This was the firm conviction, strengthened by many years of liberalism and most recently by radicalism, that every person has the right to conduct his or her sexual life the way he or she wants to.

Having decided what I thought of my friend's gay-ness, I could have generalized this attitude to cover all other gay people and neatly dismissed Gay Lib from my thoughts. Gay Lib could have become something touching other people, but never involving me. But the more I read and thought about it, the more I realized that Gay Lib speaks to all women who work closely together, have affection for each other and enjoy each other's company. Which means, of course, that Gay Lib speaks directly to Women's Lib.

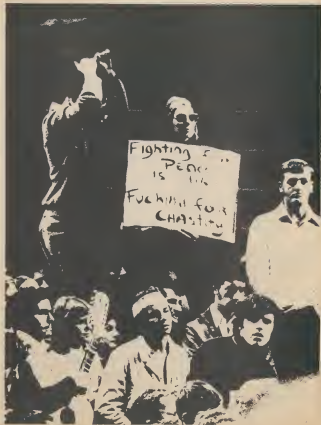
Gay Lib is reassuring because it tells me not to be uptight about feelings of love I have for my sisters. It's a relief to admit, without shame or fear, that I am physically attracted to women I know and love in other ways. Even if I never actually enter a sexual relationship with another woman, Gay Lib has helped clear my mind of old worries and doubts. Those feelings of love are a natural and beautiful outcome of working, planning, sharing and struggling together for our liberation.

Women's Lib already has a radical analysis of our political situation. Let us be equally fearless and radical when examining our own personal feelings and lives.



Hey girls, whistle at a man today





I'm glad
I don't know
what they want from me
I can only see
myself
out there
bored with the same old replay
(picking my nose)

I can only wait
and see

ultimately
my experience is irrelevant
to you
and (sigh)
to me



'SYRIUS HUNGARY'S TOP BAND' You can see this on any billboard around town. Not necessarily top billing, but always high up on the list. Other than this, no one really seems to take any undue notice of the fact that one of Europe's best bands is playing here. (For instance, Michael Raduly was voted best soloist at the 1970 Montreux Jazz Festival before he joined Syrius, and won a scholarship to the Berkeley School of Music.) But not only are they playing here, they are living here, with the full knowledge and consent of both governments.

Perhaps it's their appearance that enables them to fit so unobtrusively into the local scene. Five guys with long hair and well worn jeans, looking little different from a thousand other musos in a hundred discos around the country. But in one way their appearance is all the more remarkable, since we have all been led to believe that communist countries tolerate neither pop music nor long hair.

But when you hear their music you know they are different. They are good. They are all trained musicians, they all play more than one instrument, they can all read music, a rare accomplishment in Australia. Their music is not so much pop or popular as 'pop-orientated' with a strong jazz influence. Which is why, while they get good bookings, they do not attract hordes of fans or cause headline stir. Their best audiences are university crowds and other musos, people who can appreciate what they are doing. Not that they themselves are elitist, hardcore jazz fanatics. They can take a Beatles number, a Led Zeppelin number or any other familiar piece, and do the most amazing arrangements, jazz solos and other fairly intricate things, and still not lose the essential 'pop' feel of the song.

Syrius came to Australia because it was far away and sounded like a good place. To non-English speaking Europe, any English speaking country must be where it



SYRIUS

is all at. Their ultimate aim is to go to England and then to America. "A musician has to go to America sometime in his life." Australia seemed like a good place to get to learn English and make contacts. Which it has been: they have made contacts with the pop scene in England and had offers of contracts to go there. They are making an LP here. And by force of necessity (with the help of friends and grammar books) they are becoming quite fluent in the foreign language. But they have also learnt just how far away Australia really is. They have not found much here to influence or change their music. They have been thrown back on themselves because of the language and because of the unsularity of the scene here. The main musical advantage of their stay here has been to make the band really tight and together.

They seem surprisingly stable, personality-wise, in a country where ego-haunted cossie groups to break up and reform like flossam on the Bay. Syrius have been together since 1968, except for Michael who joined in 1970.

There don't seem to be many hassles among them (though it is difficult to tell of course). One thing you notice straight away is a sort of innate modesty, a humbleness together with a personal integrity which allows them to admit the good points of other bands without feeling that thereby they belittle themselves. There is none of the aggressive reaction to the 'cultural cringe' that you find in so many Australian artists in all fields, that to admit another artist is good is in some way an admission that you yourself are less than that. (An attitude that severely restricts Australian musicians from progressing through external influence and interplay of ideas.)

Syrius have felt the scene here dominated by bum promoters (particularly they mention Fairlight) and a tendency to make a fast buck. Bands and musicians come and go, they are young, their audience even younger. Too many end up as clerks by the age of 25, their musical career nothing but a passing phase. Even though the eldest member of Syrius is 26, they feel middle-aged compared to the average band here. In Europe and England, music is taken seriously whatever its label, the competition is so fierce that you are quite mature before you make it. They mention Mayall, Clapton and numerous other musicians, both jazz

and pop, who are in their 30's or older.

Here there are no cultural roots to guide musicians in their styles and techniques. There is little music for music's sake. As Jackie says, "Music here is all commercial." They have noticed a lack of communication among musos, no real jams ("Always 12 bar blues."), petty rivalries and ego trips preventing projects by musicians to just play music, no clubs or venues for that purpose. Of course, they admit they have been limited in their ability to communicate with other musicians by the language barrier and because everyone works at the same time. When they're not working, they're rehearsing, arranging, or just too plain buggered to do anything. In Europe, individual jobs are better paid so you only do one or two a week—not three a night like here—and you have more time to do other, more constructive things, believe. This lack of population means that promoters will gain nothing by having more than one big name band at a concert and so fill in with others less well known at cheap rates, paying the other band often four times as much. Elsewhere, to have a lineup of three big name bands is to triple your takings.

The ABC is also doing some good work in allowing groups time on decent television shows such as GTK and QPUS 71. Arch Mackurdy introduced Syrius to the ABC, and since then they have done quite a lot of work. "Good money and good PR."

The presence of Syrius in Australia, unheralded and largely unnoticed, points up all that is wrong with the scene here. By the time they leave, probably they will have built up quite a following. But by then it will be too late. They will go, and their absence (as their presence) will leave little more than a ripple on the surface of the millpond. We excuse our backwardness by our isolation, and then when the real thing appears in our midst, we can't even recognise it. A people get the government and the music they deserve.

Australia isn't all bad, there is hope. They realise that with such a small population, good papers like REVOLUTION can only sell 10,000 here, when they could sell 100,000 elsewhere. And so it is difficult to get anything going. Time and increased population will help, they optimistically POSTSCRIPT: Recently Syrius had all their equipment and their van stolen. They went right on and appeared at all their scheduled jobs.

records



ED SANDERS - SANDERS
TRUCKSTOP REPRIS 6374

Remember the good old days. Rolling queens in Caulfield Park and the Treasure Gardens? Hide and seek in the public lavatories. Stomping cats in the lane outside Mainers. Nice warm gloves eh? Well here is a real shivering checked back collection of redneck ditties that will make your ears curl with nostalgia. There is no long haired, bell bottom pooft stuff here. It is just the sort of thing you lay on your mates when they frong round with a dozen coldies.

The fun starts with The Illiad, a cautionary tale about one Johnny Pinoff, a well known regular at the Pictoria several years back. They should release this one as a single. It would be a juke box staple from Dandenong to Tallangoo.

There is a cute little piece of sawdust sentimentality in They're cutting my coffin at the Sawmill. If you are looking for the alley you will find a particularly deary one in Hemlock Blues. The fiddle and banjo are straight out of a Heinz can. Another instant grabber is Jimmy Joe, the hippy-billy boy. He comes to a very sticky end, which befits a long haired lost from the Ozarks.

If you like your burgers plain and your hair greasy, Breadtray Mountain will be your bag. It's like a cold can after a hot dog. It is good to see a God-fearing clean-cut boy like Ed make it. What with all these long haired

Pinko faggots marching in the streets you begin to wonder what's become of good old American values like the hamburger and coon baiting. I would like to see Ed play at one of those chickenshit Peace rock festivals. He would really show those day glo faggots how to play honest to goodness American music. Helping Ed out on his first solo venture are the oiliest bunch of sound booth gkies gathered in one room since Merle Haggard cut Mama Tried. Bill Keiths steel and banjo picking is especially belchy and when Dave Bromberg slides in you can smell the chicken frying. They probably even sent an autographed copy to Spiro Agnew. Let us hope Ed strudges down that dusty road to Nashville soo n. Heaven help Opry. Come to think of it, he would look pretty good sitting in Johnny Cash's house duetting with him on Ballad of a Teenage Queen.

I wonder if they could have expected Rabelais to re-appear outside of a truck stop banger joint wearing a Nudie cowboy shirt and hand-toole. Jack Schaefer boosts? Still, life is full of surprises, especially in Honkville, Georgia.

Tony Corvey



ROBBIE BASHO - VENUS
AND CANCER. BLUE THUMB

Another album of beautiful music that will probably be unnoticed by the record buying public and wind up sandwiched between A Small Bunch of Friends and John Braden in the bargain racks. Un-

fortunately this will always be the case with men like Robbie Basho and John Fahey. There is simply no accounting for tastes when it comes to odd albums of highly personal and very uneven steel string guitar picking. A lot of the Takoma albums are bunnies because of the poor recorded sound and the his and miss quality of some of the performers. Still, they represent a strong and quite unique body of work existing in the no man's land of modern music. John Fahey was the first to record for a major recording company. If you haven't yet heard Requiem and especially The Yellow Princess (both on Vanguard) don't put off the pleasure any longer. Now Basho has his first commercial album released on Blue Thumb and they have done him proud. The elaborate double cover has the finest album art work I have ever seen this year and the razor sharp sound recording can't be faulted. The title piece is a beautiful lone poem with three main movements: Largo for a Lady, Wingspread, and Highwaters. It is a truly exquisite piece of musical poetry. The second piece, Eagle Soars the Blue Diamond Waters, is unquestionably a classic. Basho manages to suspend time and leads us soaring over limitless blue seas of tranquility. This is really transcendental music. It just lifts you out of your armchair and suspends you in a region that very few are privileged to visit. He accompanies himself on this track with some of the most compelling and unworidly non verbal singing you could imagine.

It is evocative of high, snow capped mountains and green, river scarred valleys. The picture that first came to my mind was of a lone hermit kneeling at the summit of a lofty peak and bearing his soul to his God. One two of the remaining tracks, Song for the Queen and Sweet Wine of Love, Basho sings his fragile verses in a high pitched and curiously pure and innocent voice. It has some of the strange beauty and wonder of bird song. The remaining piece is a 12 string excursion into French expressionism called Cathedrals at Fleur de Lis. It is an aural mood piece depicting a cathedral situated on a green hill. The

scent of *Fleur de Lis* before the rain. The rain washes the stone walls, then stops. It belongs to mind Hayama in his cathedral and St. Lidwine period. This is music of absolute peace and serenity and could only have been created by a man living in harmony with himself and nature. Listening to Robbie Basho will remind you of the wind stealing thru the trees and the still, silent spaces over the oceans and deserts. Things which we need to be sure, among ringed cities. By the way, anyone interested in trading Fairley's Great San Bernardino Bartholmey Party for any one of Basho's Takoma albums?

Tony Conway



LEONARD COHEN
SONGS OF LOVE AND
HATE - CBS 69004

It is always a hard task to review a Leonard Cohen album, especially when you have only been listening to it for a month. It has taken me two years to really appreciate his first two albums. At first I thought he was the most pretentious songwriter I had ever heard. His flat, monotonous delivery and strange psychotic arrangements seemed an almost meaningless circle, and his songs seemed to be the very essence of paranoia and despair. However, friends whose taste and judgement I respected kept urging his genius and I was forced to listen to the albums over and over. I then realized I had made a serious mistake. At his best Cohen is the most gifted and mature songwriter

we have. The humanity and compassion of *Sisters of Mercy* is overwhelming in its intensity. That's No Way to Say Goodbye is also a very moving song, but there is an edge to it, an almost chilling note of finality. The richness of metaphor and imagery to be found in songs such as Stranger Song and Bird on the Wire is dazzling. Musically, Cohen seems almost illiterate. Most of his songs are based on skeletal two or three chord progressions. He uses the same picking patterns over and over till they become a permanent fixture in your consciousness. In most of his work the starkness and simplicity of the musical structures adds to the effectiveness and mood of the song.

Unfortunately on the new album he seems to have taken this austerity too far. Most of his songs seem like echoes from his past work with juxtapositions of the old and new adding to the confusion of nightmares and fantasies. Still, Cohen understands the human species, its strengths and crippling weaknesses. His named men and women are only too easily recognised as our friends and acquaintances. It seems so long ago, Nancy ... or was it Susan or Rose or Christine?

And you know she never was a stranger. Perhaps his most chilling song yet in Doris Recheard Rag: "And a bitter voice in the mirror cries Heh Prince, you need a shave. How if you can manage to get your trembling fingers to behave, why don't you try unwrapping a stainless steel razor blade? That's right, it's come to this. Yes, it's come to this, and wasn't it a long way down?" His macabre sense of humour is in evidence on his Nashville parody, Diamonds in the Mine, complete with Tammy Wynette singalong chorus and corpse guitar. Joan of Arc must have strong claims to be the most sickening song on record. Listening to it, one becomes a companion to her suffering. Horror laden images are piled on top of each other in an inexorable stream.

Tony Conway

books



THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK
Helen and Scott Nearing—
\$5.95

How to be a pioneer in the 20th century. Even if you never want to leave the city, this is a fascinating book. It has recipes, quotes from antique sources, love, joy. Fantastic! "Honey is found in the trees and is gathered amongst briar and thorn bushes." (Peter Martyr—1521) "We think we are rediscovering the secrets that some of our forebears in the Green Mountains knew so well, the secrets of simplicity, adequacy, decency, neighborliness, self-respect, and a never ending attachment to the marvels of the life of nature and of society, that we contact on every side and of which we are integral parts." (Helen and Scott Nearing)

Alex Mortone





MONDAY NIGHT CLASS — Stephen Gaskin — \$2.50

This book is about a weekly event held in San Francisco at the Family Dog known as "The Monday Night Class". Led by Stephen Gaskin, the class is now about five years old and numbers upwards of 1,500 every week. What it is is a place where people get together to discuss high energy, life and the nature of the universe. If you agree that two heads are better than one, what would you say to 1,500? It's having access to a very large organic computer — "... like the stuff that's in answer to here and now questions comes right out like a slot machine. You pump in a question, an answer comes out, I have very little to do with that process. There's all kinds of information, and all sorts of ... you know, in the order that the questions came up over a period of a few months. That's called gerbil. That means that the structure of the book is a teaching aid to being non-linear ... learning to work your head in more than one dimension at a time."

('Bean Flower' AMERICAN: QUECHUA)

RASBERRY EXERCISES — Selli Rasberry and Robert Greenway — \$4.95

How to start your own school — and make a book

An alternative book on alternative schools, recommended as one of the most important books on the "free school" movement there's been. "The book expresses our own and others' struggles to root new schools in authentic lives, at a time when the dominant cul-

ture is shifting and bobbling before our very eyes and the alternative cultures are lovely but aetheral and incomplete visions. We wonder at schools meant to be alternatives which resemble only more chaotic public schools or whose guiding rationale is no more than a rejection of public schools."

How long has it been since you taught in a culture in which you fully believed?

ALEX MORTONE



TECHNICIANS OF THE SACRED:

Edited with commentaries
by Jerome Rothenberg
(Anchor P/B: \$4.95)

Technicians of the Sacred comprises of an anthology of 'primitive' poetry, and a collection of commentaries on the material by their editor. I had intended to say that this is a book of beginning; that is to say of the solid bases of experience and perception. But this would be to deny its completeness, for these poetries penetrate all areas of experience, and come a full cycle: incantation.

There are no 'authors' in this anthology; they are simply men and women. And their experiences are discovered and re-discovered as one's own, cleared of the usual abstractions and disguise; if you're skipping through these reviews in hope of discovering a book worthy of your time; of purchasing and reading and re-reading, this is it.

Bean flower,
Black and white
Like the heart of that dark man
Who loves two women

Long live the apple
Its tears are sweet
This world has reason
To be bitter.

Little star of heaven
Lead me your brightness
For the life of this world
Is a dark night.

CHARLES BUCKMASTER

THE REVIEW

THE INDEPENDENT
QUALITY
NATIONAL WEEKLY



*Like a ferret, lean
and nosey*

The REVIEW, previously the SUNDAY REVIEW, is a weekly journal. It contains left wing articles, written by middle of the road journalists, within a right wing format (never judge a book by its cover).

In a typical issue, obtainable from milkbars in Victoria and newsagents everywhere else, the content is divided into approximately nineteen diversified headings with abundant flowings in twenty other non-classified directions. The 'alternative' section can be found rubbing elbows with the 'chess', 'bucker' or 'film review' sections, while a non-specific on censorship in Cambodia reads newly on the opposite page. Nearly every article has an author (too word misplaced aggression) and almost every article has a slant not found in any other tabloid. The REVIEW can more often than not be accused of 'telling it like it is' and even more meaningfully 'telling it at all'.

The REVIEW caters to an odd clientele. There are the suburbanites who don't get pissed on Saturday and who probably have to go to a university area to get it, student intellectuals and heads with fifteen cents spare change and can read. (Note: Leaning comic: 'Eat your macrobiotic food or there'll be no hash cookies for desert'.)

The REVIEW tries to have something for everyone. If it is sometimes too stuffy, there are always plenty of cartoons which are worth the fifteen minutes it takes to thumb through the rest.

Rate the REVIEW a great journalistic attempt, and almost a financial success, at 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me, Richard Walsh'.

Nancy McFarland

Editorial

This is not the story of the tragic changes in mankind's history. This is the true story of this very magazine you have in your hot little hands at this very moment.

Anyone who has been a month to month follower of REVOLUTION has had a confusing, frustrating journey. Not only has its existence often times seemed doubtful, but its very heart and content have seen many a transplant.

We've been American, we've been Australian. We've included ROLLING STONE and we've done without. We've been tabloid size and we've been magazine size. We've had lots of editors and we've had no editors. We've been on time and we've never made it. One of our greatest faults is inconsistency.

At that rate, the decline and fall of REVOLUTION was eminent. Right?

After ten issues it seems we have surfaced. The new consistent version of REVOLUTION will look, feel and read as the issue you've just purchased.

Firstly, we will just stay an 8 1/8 by 10 1/4 publication, easy to handle and store.

Secondly, we've given birth to Australia's first Australian art comic book. It's black and it's white. It has something for everyone. A thing to give you a few laughs and/or help you find humor in our somewhat frightening environment. An appropriate quote from an inappropriate source . . . "Laughter is the best medicine."

Thirdly, we would like to rescue children from our content. We give money for contributions, so everyone CONTRIBUTE, graphics too!

Fourthly, we are going to be on time and appear every month. From the time of our famous banning, where to purchase REVOLUTION has always been a boggle. We are now and will remain a newspaper's baby. As yet this point still seems vague to both our distributor and newsagents. Thus if there are no issues available at your newsagent, BREAK

One last point. We haven't given up the revolution, but we have given up the arms. This is the very last and final issue of this publication under the grand title REVOLUTION, which is slowly sinking into the sunset to give rise to a new healthier and happier HUSH TIMES. That's what the front cover is all about. And that's what we're hoping for us all from now on!

that's all
folks!

